

#1

TERRY LABAN'S

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CUD

WHO
ARE
YOU?



FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS



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THE AUTHOR IN

OH! THE CREATIVE LIFE!

by T. LABAN
©1992

HA! LOOK AT 'EM, POOR SCHMUCKS! HUSTLING OFF TO ANOTHER DAY OF DULL, DEHUMANIZING LABOR UNDER THE TIMECLOCK'S WATCHFUL EYE!



MEANWHILE I AM FREE TO SPEND MY TIME FOLLOWING MY CREATIVE INSTINCTS, TRANSMUTING MY DAILY EXPERIENCE INTO THE STUFF OF ART!

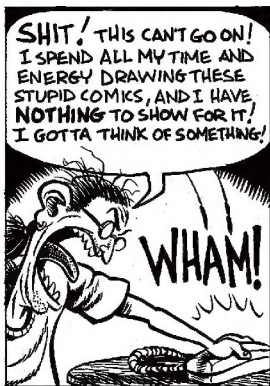
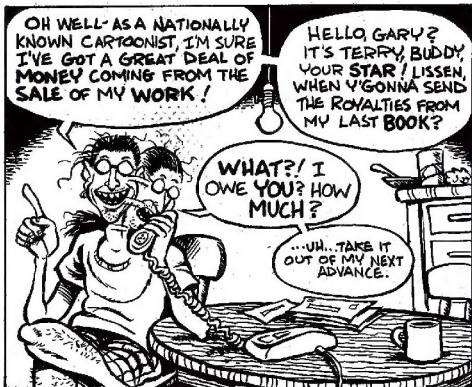


YESSIR! I'LL READ A LITTLE PAPER, DRINK A LITTLE COFFEE, TAKE A LITTLE NAP, MAYBE A WALK, AND THEN SIT DOWN AND PRODUCE SOME WORK OF UNQUESTIONED MERIT.

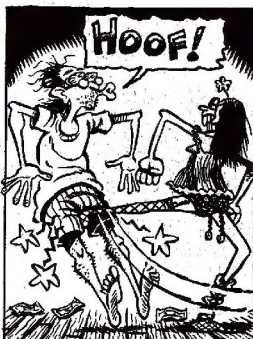


OH MY LORD!









"I CAME TO ON THE FLOOR OF MY FILTHY TENT, MY HEAD SCREAMING LIKE A MATING LOON. EITHER SOMEONE WAS AT MY DOOR, OR I WAS STILL FEELING THE EFFECTS OF SOME BAD LAKE OLMUSK MUSHROOMS."

"I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO PINCH MYSELF-MY HALLUCINATIONS NEVER LOOK AS GOOD AS THE SWEET YOUNG THING BLOCKING MY DOOR-WAY AND WHISPERING MY NAME."



"THE DAME WAS A CHUKCHI. I COULD TELL BY HER TATTOOS. HIGH CHEEK BONES, FULL LIPS, AND A BUTT THAT MADE ME THINK ABOUT HAVING SONS. SEEMS MOST OF HER BAND'S REINDEER HAD DIED, NOONE'D SEEN ANY GAME IN WEEKS, AND NOW HER FATHER, THE HEADMAN, WAS SICK?"

SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE BROKE A TABOO-A BIG ONE! IT AINT GONNA BE CHEAP

THERE'S TRADE CLOTH, REINDEER, AND A POUND OF TURKISH TOBACCO FOR YOU...

...IF YOU CAN DO IT.



IF I COULD DO IT-I LIKED THAT. SEEMS LIKE THEY ALWAYS GIVE THE HARD ONES TO ME. I'M

MUKTUK WOLF'S BREATH

HARD-BOILED SHAMAN by T. LABAN 092

"THE SUN WAS LOW WHEN WE REACHED THE VILLAGE. IT LOOKED LIKE IT'D BEEN ALL RIGHT ONCE, BUT NOW AN AIR OF HARD TIMES HUNG OVER IT LIKE FLIES AROUND A DEAD DOG."



"THE HEADMAN WAS SICK ALL RIGHT, THOUGH IT WAS HARD TO SEE WHAT FROM. IN ANY CASE, IT WAS GOING TO BE A HELLUVA JOB STUFFING HIS SOUL BACK INTO HIS BODY."



"I WATCHED THE DAUGHTER SASHAY OUT, THINKING I'D MUCH RATHER SPEND THE NIGHT WITH HER THAN HER HALF-DEAD OLD MAN. BUT AS SHE SLIPPED AWAY, SHE GLANCED BACK, AND A CHILL HIT ME - THERE WAS SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THAT GIRL."



"BUT I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO WASTE MEDITATING ON TAIL. I CHOKED DOWN 3 PRIME AGARICS WITH JUST ENOUGH REINDEER MILK TO GREASE MY WINDPIPE."



"MY LAST CONSCIOUS THOUGHT, AS THE DRUM BROUGHT ON THE TRANCE, WAS THAT THIS WOULDN'T BE YOUR ORDINARY SHAMANIC JOURNEY."

"THE MUSHROOMS WERE GOOD. I BURST THROUGH THE FIRST 2 WORLDS LIKE A WINTER GALE THROUGH AN OLD TENT. BEFORE LONG I COULD SEE THE BARE BIRCHES THAT STAND ON THE SHORE OF THE LAKE OF THE DEAD."



"MY KAVAK WAS RIGHT WHERE I LEFT IT, ALONG WITH THE USUAL ASSORTMENT OF LOSERS HELD UP ON THEIR WAY TO THE NORTH STAR BY LOUSY LUCK. THERE WERE VICTIMS OF UNSOLVED CRIMES, FOLKS WHO HADN'T BEEN BURIED RIGHT, AND SOME WHO JUST PLAIN WEREN'T READY TO DIE. I LOOKED 'EM OVER JUST TO SEE IF THERE WAS ANYONE I KNEW."



"STANDING THERE, BIG AS LIFE, WAS THE HEADMAN'S DAUGHTER. COLD LIKE A FEBRUARY MIDNIGHT GRIPPED MY SPINE, BUT I WAS IN FOR AN EVEN WORSE SHOCK STILL."



W-WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE? I LEFT YOU ALIVE LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO!

TUNGIKAK



"TUNGIKAK BIRDBUTT! MY CHIEF RIVAL AND WORST ENEMY! I SHOULD'VE KNOWN THAT BASTARD WAS MIXED UP IN THIS!"



"I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS GOING ON, BUT I KNEW I WAS IN TROUBLE. THERE WAS ONLY ONE PLACE TO GO NOW, AND I MADE A BEELINE. IT'S NO PICNIC PADDLING ACROSS THE LAKE OF THE DEAD, BUT A BIGGER DANGER JABBED LIKE A KNIFE AT MY BACK."



"LUCKILY, THERE WEREN'T MANY MONSTERS OUT..."



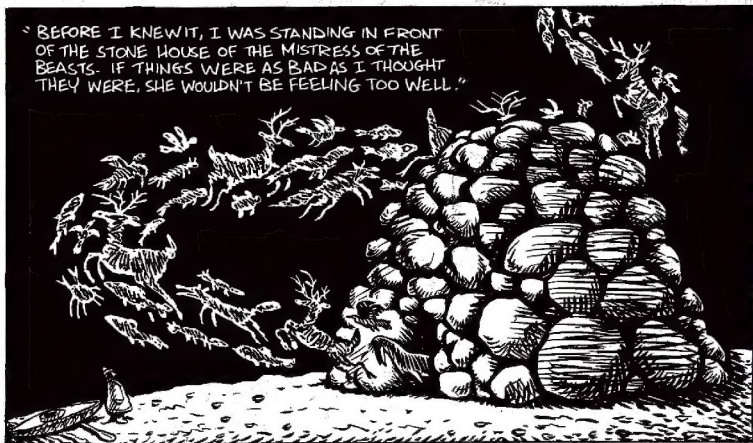
"...AND THE CLASHING ROCKS SEEMED SLOWER THAN USUAL."



CLASH!



"BEFORE I KNEW IT, I WAS STANDING IN FRONT OF THE STONE HOUSE OF THE MISTRESS OF THE BEASTS. IF THINGS WERE AS BAD AS I THOUGHT THEY WERE, SHE WOULDN'T BE FEELING TOO WELL."



"SURE ENOUGH, SHE LOOKED LIKE HELL. HER HAIR WAS TANGLED AND FILTHY WITH PEOPLE'S SINS, AND NONE OF THE GAME THAT POURED FROM HER WOMB SEEMED HEADED IN MY CLIENT'S DIRECTION."



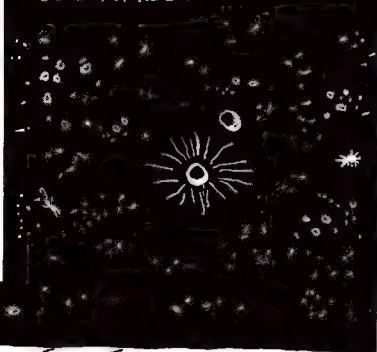
"I GOT DOWN TO WORK. THE ONLY WAY TO GET ON THE MISTRESS' GOOD SIDE IS TO COMB THE EVIL OUT OF HER HAIR. IT'S A BIG JOB, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO PLAY NICE WITH HER BEFORE SHE'LL TELL YOU WHY SHE'S UPSET."



"WHEN I FINALLY DID HEAR THE STORY, THOUGH, IT WAS A DOOZY!"



"I BARELY REMEMBER THE LONG TRIP BACK. THERE WAS ONLY THE SILENT SEA, MY FRANTIC STROKES, AND THE MALEVOLENT GLOW OF A NORTH STAR THAT ALMOST SEEMED TO BE BREATHING DOWN MY NECK."



"I BLASTED BACK THROUGH THE'S

WORLDS, HOPING AGAINST ALL

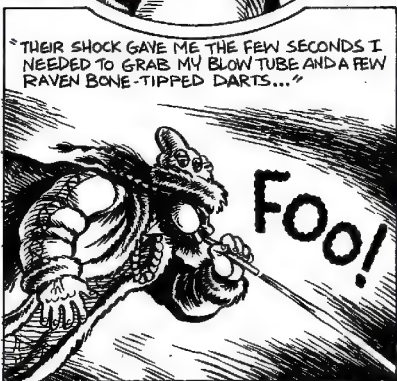
HOPE IT WASN'T TOO LATE."



↳ EVEN BEFORE I OPENED MY EYES, I FELT THE SENSATIONS - COLD TAIGA AIR, HANDS HOLDING ME DOWN, AND THEN, THE SIGHT OF ANGRY FACES, AND, POISED TO PLUNGE, THE GLINTING STEEL OF A BLADE..



° I DID WHAT ANY SENSIBLE SHAMAN WOULD DO - I LEVITATED..°



"...STOPS A SHAMAN IN HIS TRACKS EVERY TIME."



L-LOOK!
SHE'S CHANGING!

I...IT'S A
MAN!

WHO THE
HELL IS
IT?

THAT, FRIENDS, IS TUNGIK BIRDBUTT, EVIL SHAMAN OF NOTE AND MY WORST ENEMY. HE KILLED THE GIRL WEEKS AGO AND TOOK OVER HER FORM-WITH HER OLD MAN'S APPROVAL, BY THE WAY.

SEEMS YOUR HEADMAN BROKE A MIGHTY BIG TABOO. GOT HIS OWN DAUGHTER PREGNANT, AND WHEN THE MISTRESS OF THE BEASTS GOT PISSED AND CUT THE GAME OFF, HIRED TUNGIK TO INTERCEDE. TUNGIK TOOK THE OPPORTUNITY TO GET CONTROL OF YOU AND GET RID OF ME. HE USED BLACKMAIL TO GET THE CHIEF TO AGREE TO GET SICK, THEN LURED ME HERE TO CURE HIM, ALL THE WHILE PLANNING TO KILL ME WHILE I WAS IN THE TRANCE AND MAKE HIMSELF THE MOST POWERFUL SHAMAN IN THE REGION.



SHE...HE SAID IT WAS
YOU THAT MADE THE
HEADMAN SICK!

GO GET THE HEADMAN-I THINK
YOU'LL FIND HIM COMPLETELY RECOVERED.
TOO BAD HE'LL HAVE TO DIE FOR HIS SINS BE-
FORE THE MISTRESS GIVES YOUR GAME BACK.

"THE CHIEF'S NOW-GLOWING HEALTH MUST'VE CONVINCED THEM. THEY GUTTED HIM LIKE A SEAL, AND THAT EVENING SHOT THE FIRST CARIBOU ANYONE'D SEEN IN WEEKS."



LOAD THAT SUCKER
ON MY SLED, JACK,
AND WE'LL CALL IT
SQUARE.



"A RIVAL GONE AND A PROFIT MADE-A GOOD JOB, ALL IN ALL. MY ONLY WISH, AS I RODE AWAY, WAS THAT A CERTAIN SWEET SOMEONE WAS HAVING A GOOD, WELL-DESERVED TRIP TO THE NORTH STAR."

BOB
in:

You Can't Spank the Monkey if He's On Your Back

CHAPTER
ONE
by
TERRY JARANO

GRADUATION:
END OF AN OLD
LIFE, START
OF A NEW
ONE...

BOB CUDD...
MASTERS IN
PERFORMANCE
ART.

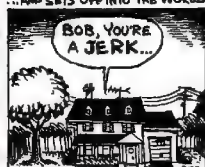
AFTER YEARS OF STUDY, A YOUNG MAN
FINALLY PICKS UP HIS DIPLOMA...

...RECEIVES HIS CONGRATULATIONS...



...TAKES A FEW FINAL
PICTURES...

...ENJOYS ONE LAST PARTY
WITH HIS COLLEGE PALs...



...BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN YOU DESERVE TO STARVE. GIVE UP YOUR FOOLISH PLANS AND I'LL MAKE SURE YOU GET A NICE, SECURE JOB IN THE ORGANIZATION DOING SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T TAKE MUCH SKILL!



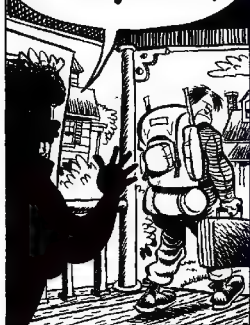
SORRY, DAD, BUT I'M NOT SPENDING THE REST OF MY LIFE IN THIS CRAP TOWN, SELLING YOUR HARDWARE AND TAKING YOUR ABUSE! I'VE GOTTA GO WHERE THE ACTION IS, WHERE I CAN TEST MY WINGS AGAINST THE HARD WINDS OF THE REAL WORLD!

"PERFORMANCE ARTIST?"
BAH!
IN THE CITY THEY GRIND UP IDIOTS LIKE YOU TO FILL POTHOLE!



I'M OUTTA HERE!

BOB! WAIT!



I KNOW YOUR FATHER WAS A LITTLE CRUSTY JUST NOW...BUT IT'S JUST HIS WAY OF SAYING HE LOVES YOU.



SURE, MA.

I...HAVE SOME THINGS...FIRST, SO YOU WON'T BE HUNGRY ON THE BUS...

WOW! CARRY OUT FROM "BURGER PLENTY"! THANKS!



IT MAY BE THE LAST NICE MEAL YOU GET FOR AWHILE... AND ALSO...THIS.

A...A BOX OF CONDOMS...ULR...
...T- THANKS, MA.

IT'S SO DANGEROUS OUT THERE...I JUST THOUGHT...

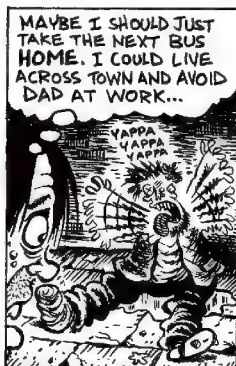
I HOPE THE SAMPLE PACK IS O.K...I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT KIND YOU LIKED!

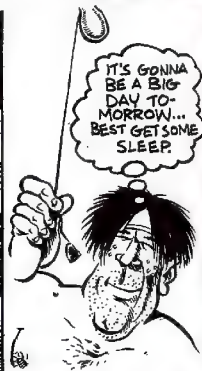


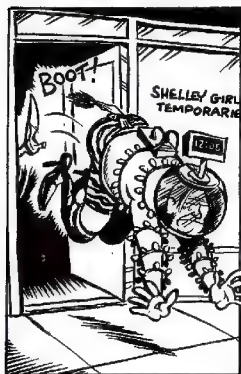
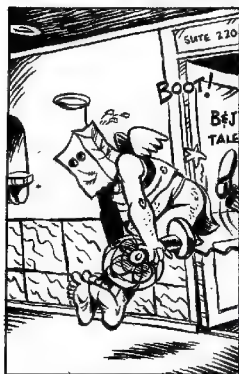
BE CAREFUL, SWEETHEART!

I WILL, MA!

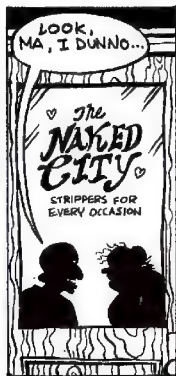




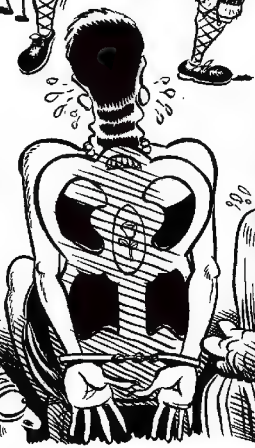
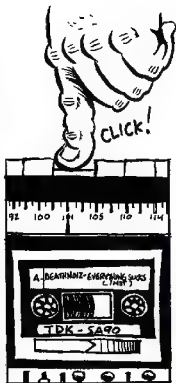


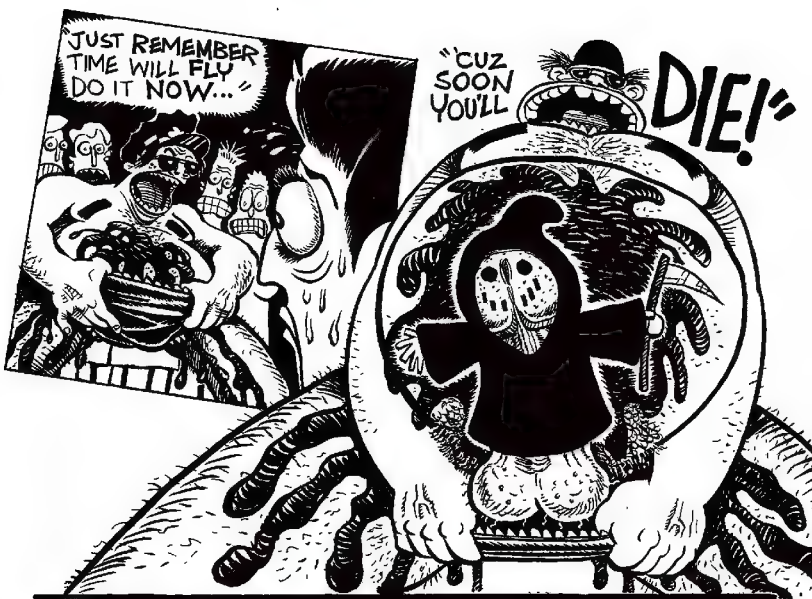
















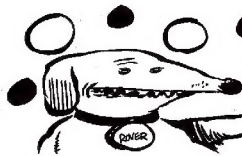
HELP
THE BABY
GET THROUGH
LIFE.



WHICH ONE IS DIFFERENT?



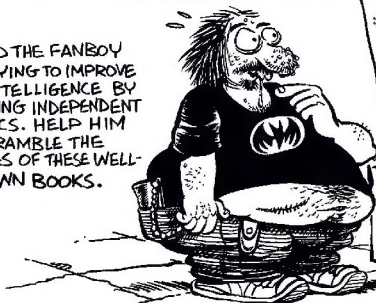
TAKE A BREAK.



FILL IN THE BLANKS AND HELP DETERMINE THE AUTHOR'S SEXUAL PREFERENCE.



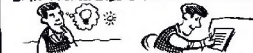
FRED THE FANBOY IS TRYING TO IMPROVE HIS INTELLIGENCE BY READING INDEPENDENT COMICS. HELP HIM UNSCRAMBLE THE TITLES OF THESE WELL-KNOWN BOOKS.



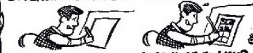
CRAFT CORNER

MAKE YOUR OWN COMIC BOOK!

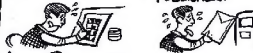
1. THINK OF SOME IDEAS 2. PLAN YOUR STORIES



3. PENCIL THE PAGES 4. INK THE PAGES



5. FIX THE MISTAKES. 6. SEND IT TO YOUR PUBLISHER.



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TERRY LABAN
P.O. BOX 408136
CHICAGO, IL 60640

COWBOYS

at the

MALL

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